

**LOWELL DECL. EX. 114**

## Exhibit 77

## A *Shahid*'s [martyr's] Letter to his Mother

A poem by Abdel Badi Iraq

(1)

My beloved mother,  
Oh nectar of love, spring of tenderness,  
Oh, how sweet it is to call the name of your mother. Oh mother, you are my breath, the pulse  
of my heart and of the gardens,  
What did you do, my love?  
The news must have reached you.  
Have you made our household burst into tears?  
Have our neighbors and relatives come from all directions,  
And did you slap your cheek in spite of the pride, did your heart break?  
I wonder, have your laments mingled with motherhood and blood, making you angry with  
me?  
Or did the mercy of Allah almighty prevail, making you pleased with me?  
I am your son, who is vowed to al-Aqsa. I,  
I am the one who was educated by you to be pious and good.  
I learnt the love of the land from my Grandfather, who fulfilled the promise with al-Qassam.  
He sang to the face of Jerusalem, kissed it and elevated it to the sun  
From the night of rust.  
I am the son of multiple *shuhada* [martyrs], who planted their sacrifice  
in the different parts of the homeland.  
Their steps have not ceased for seventy years or more.  
Our determination on our hills has never weakened and our singing has never stopped.  
Do you remember that morning?  
The body of my father has been torn into pieces. They brought it wrapped in a cloak.  
He watered the orange trees the day after at dawn?!  
I still remember how they dropped it in front of the house as a broken spear.  
They shouted and threatened and were like wooden peacocks.  
I saw their hearts in their eyes: evil, oppression and scorn.  
And Khamis, whom they killed in the vineyard.  
Or the day that they burnt the harvest in the fields, destroyed the water well, my uncle  
Abdullah, the neighbors' daughter, the muezzin, Markus the pastor,  
The baby girl, and the little pupils.

(2)

Do not grieve, mother, the tears will break my heart.  
You are the one who taught me that life should be with the great men and with the public.

**SHATSKY-008142-T (continued)**

Death is for men better than humiliation and submission.  
I had seen Jerusalem shouting for those who are near it and for those who are far away,  
The sighs echoed in her organs, and were blotted out by sorrows at night  
In which monsters  
Conspired against her happy face  
The shameful, lost hands started shearing my glorious history,  
So I swore, mother, to burn the tyrants for their crime with a fire that never ceases  
Nor relents.  
I recruited all the suppression, all the violence, and all the sorrow that have settled in the  
depths of  
My heart,  
I have gathered the victims, the bereaved, the naked, the pain of all the years,  
I swore to bring happiness to the dear people in Jenin, in Bethlehem, in Hebron, in Rafah,  
On the mountains of fire [Nablus], in Gaza, in Jerusalem and in all other places, Diasporas  
and prisons,  
Those who race to jihad in order to bring the dawn of happiness.  
Today, my beloved mother, is the hour of revenge.  
I will fulfill my proud promise and drink the cup of death.

(3)

I packed my body with determination, with hopes and with bombs.  
I faced Allah and the fighting homeland.  
The belt made me fly, implored me and urged me to hasten.  
I calmed it down, saying: Be patient, we have not arrived yet.  
And then when the bells of embrace rang,  
I released it, I released it as a lava and burnt the old legends and the myth.  
I released my body, all my pains, and all my suppression at the flocks of monsters.  
Those who drink our blood.  
Those who destroy our homes.  
Those who burn our plants.  
Those who use aircrafts to unleash their hatred against us.  
Those who kill human love and plant skulls.  
I released it.  
Oh, my mother, I unlocked the chains and shackles.  
And I felt as though I was rising and rising, like a lamp that was lit with precious olive oil.  
And then I was sending a lover's kiss above the mosques and churches,  
Houses and roads.  
Flocks of pigeons flew above the porches,  
And Al-Aqsa smiled and assured me that we shall never fall asleep.

(4)

**SHATSKY-008142-T (continued)**

Dawn is close, my mother, and it shall rise from the guns, from the shining spears,  
From the vein.

It will be ignited by the bleeding wound wrapped in stained love  
And songs.

The pains of anger will be resurrected.

The waves of yearning will return.

They will caress it, embrace it and it will embrace them back.

They came to the big night as drops of dew, adorned, perfumed.

They decorated the place

And walked the groom to it.

It is the land's wedding, mother. Come on, sound a cry of joy. I am the groom.

Do not be angry, oh owner of that affectionate heart. Hide the sorrow of the proud people  
And the tears.

And when the long night falls and the moonlight is gone,

My little sister curves herself at your hands and falls asleep, and tears fall down,

Then remember me, hug her, kiss her, and ask her to forgive me.

She wanted a present. I promised her, but I ...

It is alright. One day she will understand what is going on and her wounds will heal.

Was she not named *Kifah* [Literally: struggle] on the day she was born?

I longed to kiss your cheeks and not to leave before I get

Your beautiful smile and prayers.

But I was afraid that my heart would show in my eyes

And reveal the hidden secret.

Have mercy on me, mother, forgive me, give me your blessings

And accept my greetings.

Cairo: 01/25/2003

# Original

Hayat J. Feb. 27, 2003

Mayit 27/02/03

الحياة الثقافية

الحياة الثقافية

# رسالة شهيد إلى أمه

أمهات - يا أماه - قيدي والسلسل

ووجنتي أعلى، وأعلم مثل قديل أضي، يزيت زيتون حبيب

ورأيتني أرسلت قبلة عاشق فوق المساجد والكنائس

والمنازل والدروب

طارت على الشرفات أسراب الحمام

وتبتسم الاقصى، ولوح لي باتا لن ننام

(4)

الفجر يا أماه أوشك ان يطل من البنادق والحراب اللامعات

من الوريد

سيشب من نزف الجراح مزثرا بالحب والعشق المخضب

والنشيد

ستقوم آلام الغضب

وتتعود دقاتات الحنين

تحفو عليه، تضمه، ويضمها

جاءت لليلة الكبيرة كالندي، فتزينت، وتعطرت، نصبت له

الزيارات

وانطلقت تزف له الشهيد

والعرس عرس الأرض يا أماه هيا زغردي، وإنما العريض

لا تعصبي يا حبة القلب الحنون، خبتي حزن الآباء مع

الدموع

فإذا أتي الليل الطويل وغاب أشعاع القمر

وتكررت أختي الصغيرة في يديك، تقام، والدمع انهم

فتذكريني، واحضنها، قلبها، واطلب منها السماع

كانت تزيد هدية.. ووعدتها، لكنني..

لا بأس - يوما - سوف تفهم كل ما يجري وتلتئم الجراح

فهي التي قد سمعت في يوم مولدها: كفاح

كم كنت أرجو ان أقبل وجنتيك ولا أغار قبل ان أحظى

بسمتك الجميلة والدعاء

لكن خشيت على فوادي ان يطل من الجفون

وبيوح بالسر الدفين

رحمك يا أماه، عذرا، سامحيني، بالرضا

وتقبلي مني السلام

القاهرة: ٢٠٠٣/١/٢٥

شعر: عبد البديع عراق

(1)

في الحب

أرجح الحب، يابن العنان

لما فعلت حبيبتي؟

لبدق وصل الخير

ترُك أشعلت البكاء بدارنا

تجمعت جاراتنا والأهل من كل الأماكن والجهات

لطمط خذك رغم كل الفخر، والقلب انظر؟

بل يا ترى جم جم النواح مع الأمومة والدما وغضبت مني؟!

م رحمة الله العظيم تقدمت، ورضيت عنني؟!

نا ابنك المتذوق للأقصى، أنا،

نا من تربى في الهدى والصلاح على يديك

ترضعت حب الأرض من جدي مع القسام قد وفى، وكفى

نا تأثرا

بشندر نوجه القدس، يلشه، ويرفعه لعين الشمس من ليل

صدى

رانا ابن افواج من الشهداء قد غرسوا ربوع الأرض من نبت

فدا

وتابعت خطواتهم سبعين عاماً أو زيد،

ما كلت العزمات يوماً في روابينا ولا يقطن الشيشيد

هل تذكرين صباح ذاك اليوم

وجنة والدي قد مررت، جاؤوا بها ملفقة بعباته؟!

وغدا مع الاشراق يسقي البرقال؟!

ما زلت أذكر كيف القواها أمام البيت كالرمح المحمط

وتنمروا وتوعدوا مثل الشواويس الخشب

أني رأيت قلوبهم بعيونهم شر وظلم واحتقار

وخيسي من قتلوه في حقل العنبر

أو يوم احرق العلال على البيادر، نسف بثأر الماء، عبد الله خالي

وابنة الجيران، والشيخ المؤذن، مرقص راعي الكنيسة،

والرضيعة، والتلاميذ الصغار.

(2)

لا تحزنني - أماه - أني سوف تلسعني الدموع

أنت التي علمتني أن الحياة مع العوالي والمجموع

السابقون الى الجهاد ليطلعوا الفجر، المحنى بالفرح

والليوم يا أمي الحببية جاء موعد الانتقام

سابر بالعهد الابي واحتسي كاس الحمام

(3)

حرّمت جسمي بالعزيمة، والأمانى، والقذابل

وطلبت وجه الله والوطن المقاتل

كان #الحزام، يطير بي، فيشدني، ويحثني

وأنا أهدفده، ان أصبر، لم تصل..

حتى اذا دقت نواقيس العناق

اطلقته، اطلقته حمما حرفت به الاساطير القديمة والخرافة

اطلقت جسمى، كل ألامى، وقهري صوب اسراب الوحش

من يشربون دماءنا

من يهدمون بيوتنا

من يحرقون زرعنا

من يحشدون الحقد طوفانا بقصد الطائرات

من يقتلون الحب في الانسان كي تعلو الجمامج

اطلقته